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# A NEW ELEGY

Upon the Lamented DEATH of that Valiant and Victorious General  
and Soldier,

## The Lord CUTS,

Who departed this Life at *Dublin in Ireland*, on the 29th of January last,  
1707. Being one of the Lords Justices of that Kingdom.

Something so mournful is in what I'd write,  
That Sorrow hinders what my Cares indite;  
Yet shou'd I hide in Silence what I'd say;  
Report too soon wou'd the sad News convey:  
O! then my Muse, in some uncommon Strain,  
Sing *Cuts's* Death, and his Eternal Fame:  
In more than private Grief thou shou'dst appear;  
For ev'ry Vulgar Eye will shed a Tear:  
That is so poor a Tribute to his Fall,  
Weep thou a Deluge to his Funeral.  
Even *Cuts*, the Favourite of *English* Hearts,  
Whose Life and Valour spoke his high Deserts;  
Abroad he did our Enemies subdue,  
And *France* and *Spain* too well his Courage knew;  
They knew him Brave, one flush'd in Seas of Blood,  
And always shun'd the Battle, if they cou'd:  
Where *Cuts* still fought, you might perceive, the Foe  
Dreaded his Arms, they'd from his Fury go:  
Fam'd *Blenheim* ever shall record his Fame,  
Nor Death can rob him of a Glorious Name:  
So fast establish'd in his Noble Ways,  
Verse is too little to declare his Praise.  
But while I talk of Grief, the share I claim,  
Comes but from *Cuts's* Universal Fame;  
What then is theirs, who've seen him thus Command?  
Methinks I see the *English* Soldiers stand,  
With pale Surprise and Sorrow on each Brow,  
Seeming to say, "Who is't shall lead us now?  
"Who is it now shall force the *Gallick* Lines,  
"And execute Great *Marlborough*'s Designs?  
"How shall we fight, since he we lov'd is gone,  
"And with successful Valour led us on;  
"The Man we follow'd with our Loves, and He  
"That always brought us off with Victory?  
This is the Soldiers Grief, and these their Words,  
While every Breast Brave *Cuts's* Fame records.  
O! *Cuts*, then to thy Loss what Tears we owe,  
Death gave the Stroke, and *England* feels the Blow;

Thy Royal Mistress too mourns o'er thy Grave,  
She knew thee wifel as she knew thee Brave,  
None ever fought her Cause with more Success,  
None e'er did more—or ever boasted less:  
So truly Brave—twas Honour that he fought,  
And only for his Country's Interest fought:  
Who by an Universal Grief has prov'd,  
He Dyed lamented, as he'd Liv'd belov'd.  
Shou'd I tell his Fame, in Volumes seek,  
His Actions better wou'd his Glory speak:  
Let those that know how Good, how Brave he was,  
How true to Heavens, and his Sov'reign Cause,  
Lament his Loss, and in sad Accents tell,  
How just he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:  
I can no more, since Heaven demands his Breath,  
Than pay a Tribute to 's Lamented Death:  
But God from Heaven doth his Mind declare,  
And when he sees his Time, he call us there,  
Where *Cuts* is gone from Earth to Heavenly Joy,  
Among the Sons of Fame, to Reign Eternally.

### The Epitaph.

**H**ere lies Great *Cuts*, who did his Country bless,  
And always fought his Cause with Brave Success:  
Great William's Arms his Valour soon made known,  
And did assert the Honour of his Throne;  
For Ann he fought, and did her Cause maintain,  
Against the Envious Pow'r of *France* and *Spain*:  
In short here lies—for who more Praise can have;  
Great *Cuts*, who was both Honest, Just, and Brave.